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Garth Ennis Russ Braun Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

FIFTY-SEVEN

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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

FIFTY-SEVEN

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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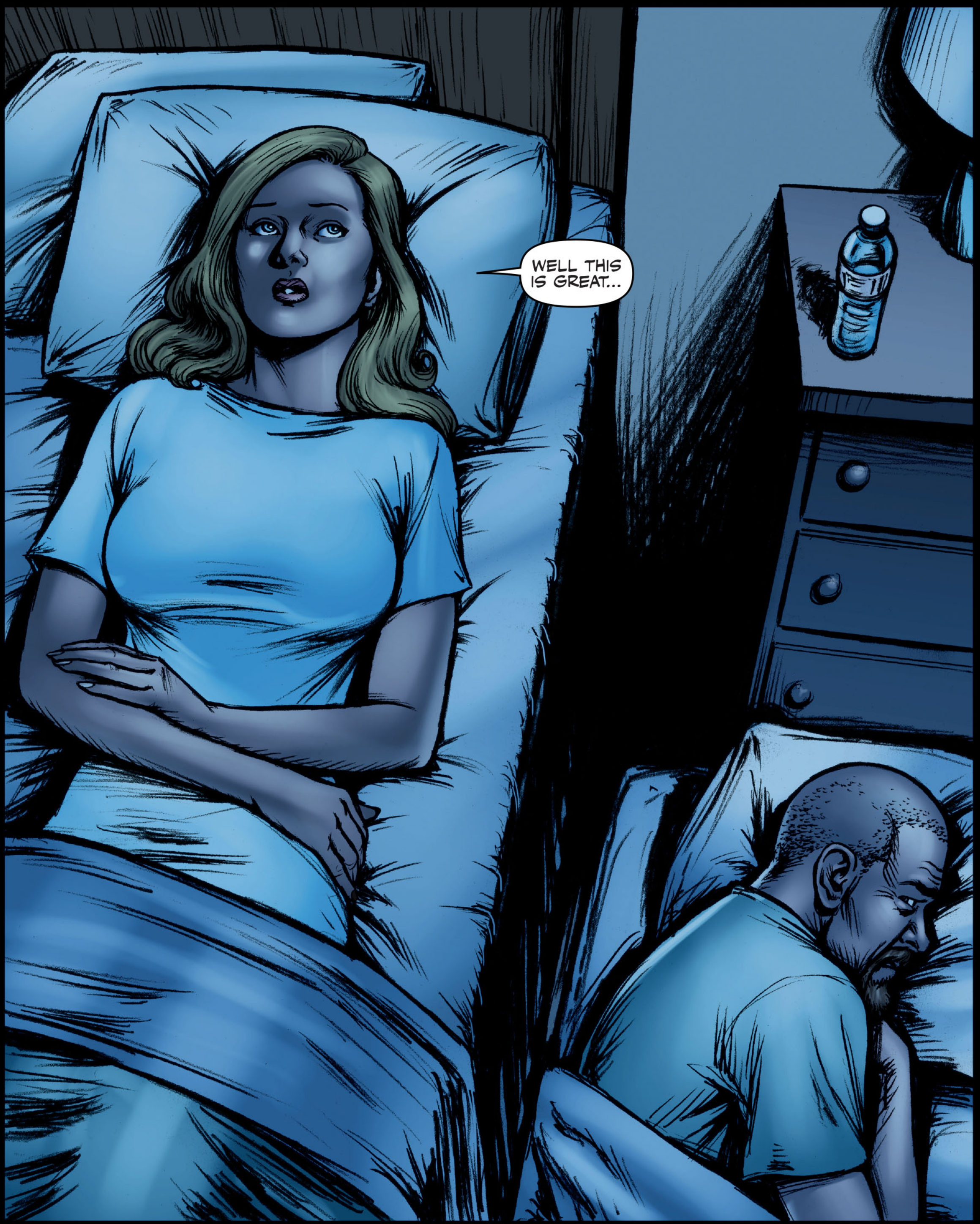


THE BIG RIDE

part two

I MEAN WHEN YOU CONSIDER THE WAY WE USED TO BE, THIS IS JUST WONDERFUL.

I'M REALLY TRYNNA GET SOME SLEEP AT THE MINUTE...

YOU'VE BEEN LYING AWAKE AS LONG AS I HAVE.

LOOK...I TOLD YOU IT WASN'T GONNA BE MUCH FUN...

YOU TOLD ME YOU LOVED ME BUT YOU WANTED ME TO RUN AWAY AND HIDE. WHEN I WOULDN'T DO THAT YOU SAID YOU KNEW YOU COULDN'T STOP ME FOLLOWING YOU, AND YOU WOULDN'T KICK ME OUT IF IT CAME TO IT.

THUS DID ROMEO WOO JULIET. SO HERE I AM.

YOU'RE LAUGHING.

I CAN SEE YOU, YOU'RE LAUGHING.

I WAS TRYNNA THINK ABOUT PRACTICALITIES.

I MEAN I WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU GETTIN' HURT.

I HAVE MONEY, I MOVED WHAT I'VE SAVED FROM MY STIPEND OUT OF MY SEVEN ACCOUNT. AND I KNOW THE C.I.A. MUST PAY YOU SOMETHING, SECRET AGENT-MAN.

YOU WERE WORRIED ABOUT ME GETTING INVOLVED...

ANNIE, I CAN'T USE YOU AS A SPY, I WILL ***NOT*** LET YOU INFILTRATE THE SEVEN FOR US. I DON'T WANT YOU MIXED UP WI' THESE BOYS AT ALL.

THEY'RE BLOODY LETHAL, SO THEY ARE. I JUST HAD A CRASH COURSE IN THEIR SECRET HISTORY, AN' I CAN TELL YOU THAT ANYONE THAT CROSSES PATHS WITH THEM'S GONNA GET CHEWED UP AN' SPAT OUT...

THEN WHY ARE YOU WILLING TO TAKE THE RISK?

I'M ONE O' THEM.

REALLY...?

CLOSE ENOUGH.

IT'S NO' THEM SO MUCH AS THE WORLD THEY LIVE IN.

I MEAN THEY'RE A PACK O' BAMS, NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, BUT I TRUST THEM WI' MY LIFE. IT'S JUST THAT IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU'RE A GOOD GUY OR A BAD GUY, OR IF THEY TAKE A LIKIN' TO YOU OR NO': SOONER OR LATER SOMETHIN'LL JUST HAPPEN.

IT'S BIG BOYS' RULES.

SO WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THEM?

I DID SURVIVE THE SEVEN, YOU KNOW.

AW, THEY'RE COMIN' THICK AN' FAST THE 'NIGHT...!

IT'S NO' THE SAME AT ALL.

OKAY, SO WHY DON'T WE JUST GO? YOU AND ME, WHY DON'T WE BOTH LEAVE THIS HORRIBLE WORLD OF THEIRS BEHIND?

OH, I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT IT, BELIEVE ME.

BUT...I FEEL COMMITTED TO THIS. LIKE I'M *STUCK IN IT,* FAR TOO DEEP TO JUST PISS OFF. I FEEL LIKE I MIGHT BE HEADIN' FOR...

I THINK I HAVE TO STICK AROUND TO KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS.

AN' I KNOW I SAID THEY WERE BAMPOTS, BUT THEY'RE MY PALS...

WHICH IS JUST THE BEST WORD FOR CRAZY PEOPLE ***EVER.***

I LIKE HEAD-THE-BALLS. OR SPACERS.

WHAT'S THAT OTHER ONE, LOOPERS?

YOU WERE KIND OF QUIET WHEN YOU GOT IN TONIGHT.

OCH... IT WAS JUST THE GUY...

IN CHARGE...

YOUR BOSS.

YOU GET A LITTLE EDGY WHEN YOU TALK ABOUT HIM.

I'M NO' EDGY, I'M JUST-- FRUSTRATED.

I WANTED TO COME BACK ALL COOL AN' DECISIVE, AN' TELL HIM HOW IT WAS GONNA BE FROM NOW ON. BUT IT WAS LIKE HE JUST INSTANTLY OVERTURNED IT--HE DIDN'T EVEN MEAN TO, HE JUST WALKED OUT THE DOOR WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO WALK IN.

IT'S NO' LIKE HE WAS EXPECTIN' ME, LIKE.

UNLESS HE SAW ME THROUGH THE DOOR WHEN I WAS COMIN' ACROSS FIFTH...

I DUNNO. BUT IF THERE'S ANYONE ACTUALLY *LIKES* THE WORLD THE WAY I WAS TALKIN' ABOUT, IT'S HIM.

IT'S STARTIN' TO LOOK LIKE HE DOES EVERYTHING HE CAN TO KEEP IT THAT WAY.

HUH.

THIS IS THE SAME GUY THAT GAVE US OUR LINE--

ABOUT TWO PEOPLE FINDING EACH OTHER?

WARF! WARF! WARF! WARF!

MUBBLE?

WARF! WARF! WARF! WARF!

YEAH, ALL RIGHT, MATE, ALL RIGHT... FUCKIN' HELL...

OH.

BOLLOCKS.

00:00

12:00

12:00

ALL RIGHT?

TEN-HUT, TROOPER!

FUCK RIGHT OFF.

SAY, THEY'RE GIVIN' ME A CAMEO IN THE WEBWEAVER PREQUEL...I GET TO SAVE SOME COOZE...

HOW D'YOU DO THAT, D'YOU HAVE TO OPEN AN ACCOUNT OR SOMETHIN'? LISTEN, HAVE YOU HEARD FROM MAEVE?

NO...

BUGS'VE ALL JUST QUIT ON US. NOT SHUT DOWN, LIKE WHEN SHE KILLS THE SIGNAL BEFORE A SWEEP--GONE.

ALL OF 'EM...?

CONFERENCE ROOM, KITCHEN, HOMELANDER'S KHAZI. LOOKS LIKE THEY ALL WENT AT ONCE.

NOW WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN--?

EITHER THEY WENT ON THE FRITZ AT THE SAME TIME, WHICH IS UNLIKELY, OR SHE WAS TOO PISSED TO REMEMBER THERE WAS A SWEEP COMIN'--

WHICH'D BE A GODDAMN FIRST...

OR THEY GOT HER.

"DO ME A FAVOR AN' FIND OUT WHICH IT IS, EH?"

WHY NOT CONFRONT HIM?

MM?

YOUR BOSS, WHATSIZNAME...

HIS NAME I'VE NEVER MENTIONED ONCE, YOU MEAN.

I KNOW, I KNOW. KEEP HER OUT OF THE LOOP, DON'T LET HER GET HER FINGERS BURNT.

BUT IF YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT THIS WORLD BEING THE WAY IT IS, IF YOU THINK HE'S ACTUALLY CONTRIBUTING TO IT: WHY DON'T YOU JUST COME OUT AND ASK HIM? ABOUT WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON?

BECAUSE...I'M SCARED TO.

IN CASE ALL THESE WEE SUSPICIONS I'VE GOT TURN OUT TO BE TRUE.

I FEEL LIKE I'VE TURNED OVER ENOUGH STONES RECENTLY. I THOUGHT I WANTED TO KEN ALL ABOUT THE PAST, BUT IT'S JUST GIVEN ME MORE TO WORRY ABOUT.

WELL... FROM WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME ABOUT THESE GUYS, ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU SHOULD'VE EXPECTED?

AYE. BUT NOW I JUST FEEL LIKE I'D RATHER'VE STAYED IGNORANT.

I DON'T WANT TO PISS YOU OFF HERE, I'M NOT TRYING TO CATCH YOU IN A CONTRADICTION. THIS IS JUST DEVIL'S ADVOCATE.

YOU SAID YOU THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS, BUT YOU'RE ALSO AFRAID TO INVESTIGATE THE SITUATION. DOES THAT MEAN YOU WANT TO JUST WAIT AND LET STUFF HAPPEN?

LIKE...FIND OUT THE HARD WAY?

WELL, THAT CERTAINLY SOUNDS LIKE ME, AYE.

KEEP EVERYTHIN' NEAT AN' TIDY, UNTIL IT ALL FALLS APART.

OKAY, HEAD-IN-THE-SAND, TRY THIS: IF YOU DID CALL HIM ON ALL THIS STUFF, WHERE WOULD YOU MAKE A START?

OH, TA.

WHAT D'YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE?

I'D--

NO.

WHAT?

NO, IT'S NO'... I DON'T...

COME ON, WHAT?

HUGHIE, YOU'RE LIKE ME: YOU HAVE NO ONE ELSE TO TALK TO IN THE WORLD.

NOT ABOUT THIS STUFF, ANYWAY. COME ON.

I'M WORRIED...THAT...HE GOT ME TO WATCH THAT TAPE OF YOU, BECAUSE HE KNEW ALL ALONG.

ABOUT US?

NO, I TOLD HIM ABOUT US. JUST AFTER YOU TOLD ME ABOUT YOU.

HE SAID HE WAS WORRIED YOU WERE A SPY, LIKE YOU'D SORTA BEEN ASSIGNED TO ME. HE SAID WORK YOUR WAY THROUGH THE SURVEILLANCE TAPES, SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THEM TALKIN' ABOUT IT.

SO I STARTED A WEE BIT BEFORE WHEN WE MET...AN'...

HE SUGGESTED YOU START THERE, DID HE?

AYE.

AYE, HE DID.

HE SOUNDS LIKE A WONDERFUL MAN.

ANNIE, DON'T EVEN *THINK* ABOUT HAVIN' A GO AT THIS GUY. I'M FUCKIN' SERIOUS, RIGHT?

I MEAN I'M NO' EVEN SURE IT WAS DELIBERATE, IT IS THE LOGICAL PLACE TO START...

UH-HUH.

...BUGS.

THIS IS ALL BECAUSE OF THE BUGS, RIGHT?

AYE, I SUPPOSE SO.

I HEARD THEM TALKING ABOUT IT ONCE. THE HOMELANDER, THE MAN FROM VOUGHT.

IT WAS RIGHT AFTER VIC THE VEEP'S SPEECH GOT LEAKED. THE ONE ABOUT USING US IN THE MILITARY.

OH, AYE...

WELL, WELL. SO THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED.

SO STRANGE, TO THINK I'VE BEEN LIVING UNDER SURVEILLANCE...

I WAS GONNA ASK YOU WHAT YOU THOUGHT ABOUT THAT.

I MEAN IT WAS YOUR HOME, THEY WERE YOUR...YOU KNEW THEM. AN' I'M ONE O' THE BOYS IS WATCHIN' THEM TWENTY-FOUR/SEVEN.

THEY'RE A BUNCH OF DESPICABLE PIGS.

THE ONLY ONE WHO SHOWED ME ANY KIND OF HUMANITY AT ALL WAS MAEVE, AND I DON'T CARE ABOUT HER BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT HERSELF.

IF YOU WANT TO TAKE THEM DOWN, YOU DO IT.

HONESTLY...?

OH, HUGHIE, FORGET ABOUT THE SEVEN. I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT THE SEVEN.

I SUPPOSE I SHOULD BE PISSED OFF ABOUT EVERYTHING YOU'VE KEPT FROM ME, BUT AS YOU SAID, THAT CUTS BOTH WAYS. I SHOULD BE FREAKED OUT BEYOND REASON THAT YOU'RE A GOVERNMENT AGENT, AND I GUESS I AM--BUT MAYBE EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT ME TO BOUNCE BACK FROM THE CRAZY STUFF A LITTLE FASTER. I DON'T KNOW.

D'YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT REALLY CONCERNS ME? WHAT PUTS ALL THESE FUCKING *REVELATIONS* IN THE SHADE?

AYE...

COME IN.

JUST TO SLEEP.

PLEASE.

PETIT HUGHIE! BACK FROM ELBA!

EH?

MON EMPEROR!

HNNGHH--!

EN AVANT. MON BRAVE!

C'EST "BASTARDS OF THE DEEP" ON THE IMAGINARY CHANNEL!

THAT'S-- AYE--NICE ONE, FRENCHIE--

NOW: OU EST MON PRESENT?

PRESENT...?

AH, OUI. YOU HAVE TRAVELED FAR, NON? NOW YOU RETURN, AND BEAR WITH YOU A PRESENT FOR YOUR OLD AMI.

ER...

...CARCHARODON TRIPLODON, WHOSE NUMBER ONE FOOD SOURCE WOULD PRESUMABLY CONSIST OF... HUMAN BEINGS...

PAS DE PROBLEME, PETIT HUGHIE. YOU HAVE COME BACK FROM HOLIDAY AND BROUGHT YOUR CHUM FUCK ALL, IT'S PERFECTLY OKAY.

WHAT? BUT--

NO, DO NOT CONCERN YOURSELF. IT'S UNDERSTANDABLE.

BUT I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE-- JINGS!

HULLO, JAMIE...!

JESUS, HEN, WHAT'VE YOU BEEN FEEDIN' HIM? HE'S FAT AS FUCK!

AH, LA FEMME, GUARDIAN OF VOTRE HAMSTER. VOUS AVEZ A PRESENT FOR HER, PERHAPS?

I HONESTLY DIDN'T...THINK THAT...

IT IS THE WAY OF THINGS, IN THESE HARSH TIMES.

GET ME SOMETHIN'?

I NEVER BLOODY THOUGHT YOU--

KIDDIN'.

WELCOME HOME.

AW, THANKS, MATE...!

GOOD TRIP?

'COURSE IT WAS. RIGHT LITTLE VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY, WASN'T IT, HUGHIE?

EH?

YOU WAS SAYIN' YESTERDAY YOU DONE A LOT O' THINKIN'. BUT NOW YOU'RE READY TO COME BACK.

GOT YER PLACE AT POTAMUS' AGAIN?

AYE, I HAVE, AYE. NO BOTHER, HE HELD ONTO IT FOR ME ANYWAY.

I WAS MOSTLY JUST, YOU KNOW--

I DOUBT HE HAD THAT MANY BODS DESPERATE TO MOVE IN, MATE. YOU'VE GOTTA MOVE SOMEWHERE DECENT, GET YERSELF OUTTA THAT FUCKIN' CRAWLSPACE.

HERE--

STICK THIS UNDER YER BEER OR THE BIG LAD'LL HAVE YER BOLLOCKS FOR MARBLES.

RIGHT THEN.

EVERYBODY READY TO GET BACK TO WORK?

COME ON, FRENCHIE, YER PROGRAM'S OVER...

NON.

C'MON, BE A SPORT, EH?

SHAN'T.

OH, BIEN SUR.

HUGHIE AN' ME'LL HANDLE THE THING WITH JACK, I DON'T THINK IT NEEDS ANYONE ELSE FOR THE TIME BEIN'. HOW'S IT COMIN' AT YOUR END?

IT AIN'T.

THE HOMELANDER BEIN' FUCKIN' CRAZY--I CAN'T TELL YOU NOTHIN' YOU DON'T KNOW ALREADY. WE DIDN'T MISS SHIT ON THE TAPES, I WATCHED 'EM FROM THE BEGINNIN' TWICE. IF THERE *IS* SOME VOUGHT PSYCH PROFILE, IT'S BURIED DEEPER'N THE LEGEND'S PASSWORDS GONNA GET ME--AN' THEY TIGHTENIN' UP ON THAT SHIT ALL THE TIME.

BLACK NOIR'S A DEAD END TOO. IMPOSSIBLE TO PIN HIM TO THAT IDENT CODE I FOUND.

BLACK NOIR...?

NOTHIN'.

FRENCHIE, THE BUGS'RE STILL OUT, SORRY. YOU'LL BE AT A BIT OF A LOOSE END 'TIL I CAN GET 'EM SORTED.

PERHAPS WE SHOULD JOIN IN ON JACQUES DE JUPITER AFTER ALL...

HUH.

TU A DIT WE WOULD BE HAVING A GO...

THAT I DID.

WORSE WAYS IN THAN THIS, I GOTTA SAY.

THAT THERE ARE.

WAIT A MINUTE, A GO AT THE *SEVEN*--?

TAKE HIM OUT FOR A BITE AFTER THIS AN' GET HIM UP TO DATE, EH?

SURE.

I JUST DON'T LIKE HOW HANDY IT IS. I DON'T LIKE THAT IT DON'T FIT JACK.

A CERTIFIED SCUMBAG A-LIST SUPE, A DUDE GETS WHATEVER SHIT WHENEVER HE WANTS IT, GOES FROM FUCKIN' THESE FREAKS TO OFFIN' ONE. IS THAT SOME BIG LEAP?

HE WAS THERE, DON'T FORGET. TIMIN'S NO' PERFECT, BUT ALL THE SAME.

THERE IS THE IRONY OF YOU SPEAKING UP IN HIS DEFENSE, M'SIEU CHARCUTER. BUT MAN SHALL NOT LIVE ON IRONY ALONE.

WELL SAID, FRENCHIE, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THINKIN'.

SEE IF IT DID TURN OUT TO BE JACK? WHAT WOULD OUR FIRST MOVE BE?

STICK THIS ON YOUTUBE, I SUPPOSE.

CARPO!!

AWH--!

COME ON, BITCHES, FUCK ME INTO GLLOMFF

TURN IT OFF, FOR FUCK'S SAKE...!

AW, THAT'S REALLY HORRIBLE...

HEH HEH HEH.

IS THAT HIS WORD, THEN? *CARPO,* IS THAT ALL IT IS?

OUI, MON BRAVE. IF THE MOMENT EVER COMES, REMOVE HIS HEAD BEFORE THE SECOND SYLLABLE.

AYE, WELL AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, A FELLA INTO SHITE LIKE THAT'D STOP AT *NOTHIN'*...

YEAH, WELL, IT ALL MAKES SENSE. IT'S JUST WHAT WE NEED.

IT'S HANDY, LIKE I SAID.

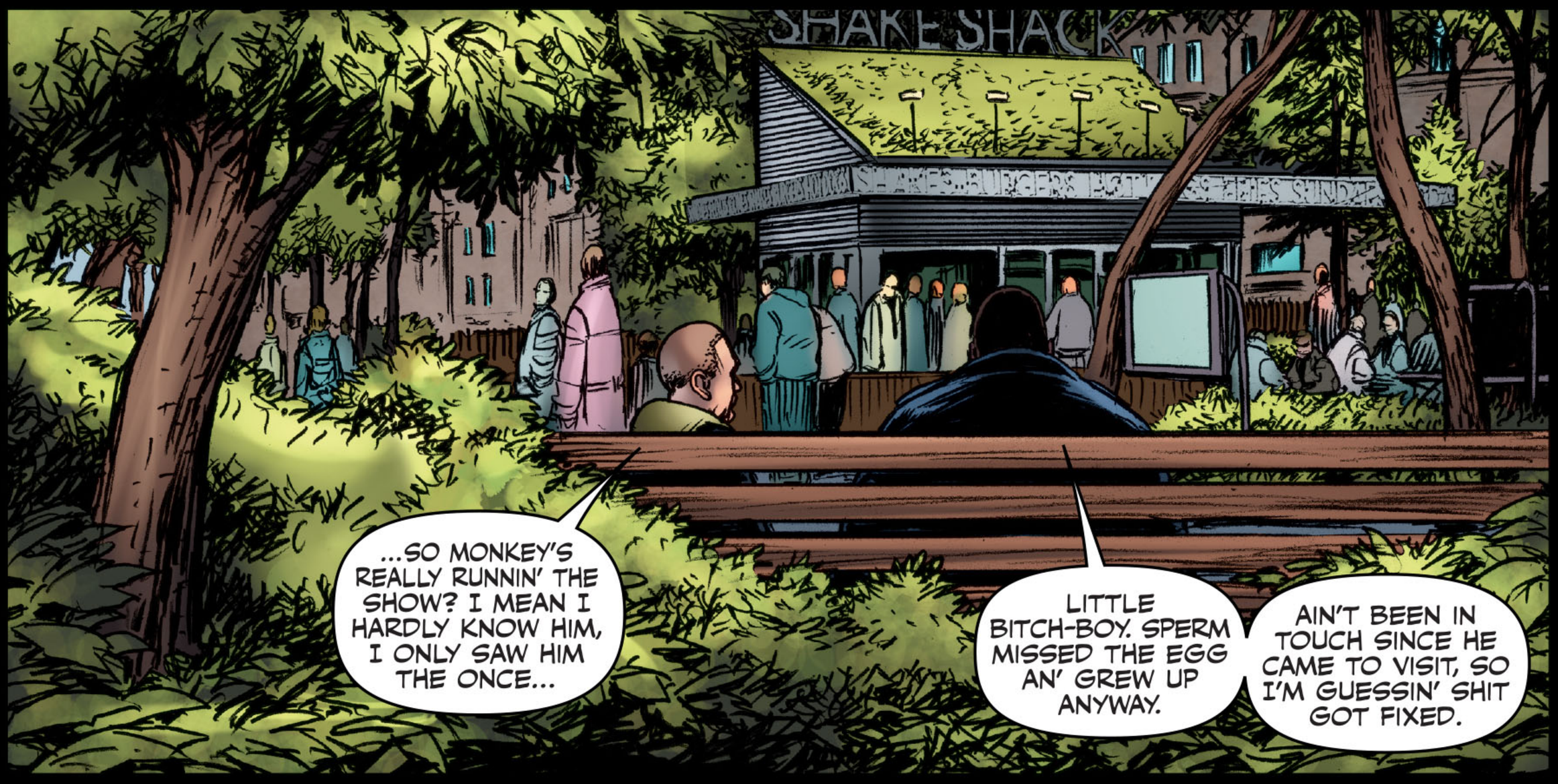
BUT YOU STILL AIN'T BUYIN' IT...

I DUNNO.

MAYBE IT'S JUST ME BEIN' DAFT; I ALWAYS THOUGHT WHEN THE TIME CAME IT'D BE THE HOMELANDER. WE'D USE THE STUFF WE'VE GOT ON HIM AN' TAKE THE WHOLE THING NUCLEAR STRAIGHT AWAY.

I JUST...

I WISH I COULD GET THE IDEA OUT O' ME HEAD THAT WE'RE ALL BEIN' TAKEN FOR A RIDE.


SHAKE SHACK
...SO MONKEY'S REALLY RUNNIN' THE SHOW? I MEAN I HARDLY KNOW HIM, I ONLY SAW HIM THE ONCE...
LITTLE BITCH-BOY. SPERM MISSED THE EGG AN' GREW UP ANYWAY.
AIN'T BEEN IN TOUCH SINCE HE CAME TO VISIT, SO I'M GUESSIN' SHIT GOT FIXED.

YOU MEAN... *TERMINALLY,* LIKE...?
I MEAN FIXED LIKE BUTCHER GOT TO HIM, NO MORE. HE DON'T WET EVERY FOOL PISSES HIM OFF, OR WE'D BE NECK-DEEP IN BODIES.

OH. IT'S JUST...
WELL. I HEARD HOW JONAH VOGELBAUM REALLY DIED, YOU SEE. IT WAS BUTCHER DID IT, HE NEVER KILLED HIMSELF AT ALL.

YEAH?
AYE.
HOW 'BOUT THAT.
AN' A LOT OF OTHER STUFF AN' ALL.

HOW'S THE COLONEL DOIN' THESE DAYS?
HUNKY-FUCKIN'-DORY.
HE SAID YOU WANTED ME TO KNOW THE TRUTH, BUT YOU'RE NO' GONNA BOLLOCKS UP YOUR GO AT VOUGHT.

SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT.
SO YOU'LL PUT UP WI' STUFF, WILL YOU?
LIKE...YOUR FLASK...?
LEMME SAY THIS AS PLAINLY AS I CAN, 'CAUSE THE WAY YOU TALKIN' RIGHT NOW, YOU KINDA DANCIN' AROUND SHIT: I AIN'T AFRAIDA BUTCHER.
UH
WE CLEAR ON THAT?
AYE
HUGHIE...
I FIGURED YOU OUGHTA HEAR THINGS FROM THE OLD MAN'S PERSPECTIVE. BUT WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN HIM AN' BUTCHER MAKES IT HARD, WHICH IS HOW COME I PLAYED IT THE WAY I DID.
ANYTHING ELSE IS MY BUSINESS. OKAY?
AYE.
SORRY.
SO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU KNOW, AN' HERE YOU ARE.
HOW COME YOU BACK AGAIN, AN' WHAT IS IT YOU WANNA DO?
HEH. I WAS TALKIN', I WAS THINKIN' ABOUT THAT LAST NIGHT.
I WAS THINKIN' HOW I SEEM TO KEEP ASKIN' QUESTIONS AN' THEN JUST BACKIN' OFF.

BUT I CAN'T DENY I FEEL FRUSTRATED. I LISTENED TO MALLORY, AN' I JUST ENDED UP WI' THE SAME OLD THINGS I'VE BEEN WONDERIN' ABOUT FOR MONTHS.

LIKE--WHERE ARE WE, REALLY? ARE WE GOOD OR ARE WE BAD, I MEAN WHAT SIDE ARE WE ON...?

MMF--

WE ON THE SIDE THAT FUCKS UP SUPES. THAT DON'T ANSWER THE PART ABOUT GOOD OR BAD, YOU AIN'T BEEN PAYIN' ATTENTION.

OUTSIDE A' THAT, HUGHIE, ALL I CAN SAY IS YOU'RE GONNA EVENTUALLY HAVE TO SHIT OR GET OFF THE POT.

OR GO COMPLETELY FUCKIN' CRAZY. 'NOTHER WAY TO COPE RIGHT THERE.

EH? OH.

BUT WERE THE TWO O' THEM NO' MENTAL TO BEGIN WI', LIKE?

MAYBE. YOU HAIR-SPLITTIN' MUTHAFUCKA.

"SHIT, WHO KNOWS WHAT THE HELL GOIN' ON IN THOSE TWO LITTLE HEADS?"

Gone to buy shoes - Axxx

OCH--!

QM:

AWLLP--!

ULLBB

AWWHHPP

FUCK!!

JESUS CHRIST.

JUST WHAT I BLOODY NEEDED.

(cont) like old times, sweetheart. Daddy and his little girl sure did have themselves some fun back then, huh? (Pause) Not talking? Listen, honey plum, I think I know why you're so mad at the son of a bitch. Now, don't get those pretty pink panties in a twist, but is it anything to do with those pictures?

QM: What?

L: You know, of you and him. I mean it is him, right, he's got to be the one sent them around.

QM: Sent them around where?

L: Well, someone gave Daddy a set when he was at Victory. Some of the guys on the board at Vought had them. But don't you worry, Daddy burned them. Daddy always knows what to do. And if you're serious about getting back at that prick, I have some people you might like to

QM: Is it safe here? I mean, are we being discrete?

L: Well hell, sugar-pussy, you ought to know that better than anyone. How many problems have they taken care of here for you? And remember that mess when super-kraut thought he had an heir, and the Doc even made that go away?

QM: I'm just not sure.

L: You don't want to go to Daddy's place, with those moldy old comic books all piled up. Come on, this is perfect. Ain't no one talks about who they ran into visiting a Goddamn cathouse.

QM: But when I think about the people I've been here with, some of the things I (cont)